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BOURBON WAR,

*And state of France, compared
with that of England and
Ireland.*

Kensington, 9 July, 1823.

THE above subjects are those of the greatest interest at this moment. It is impossible to look at our present situation disconnected from that of France. These two nations have, for a great number of years, been judged of by their situation relatively to each other. Thus they must be judged of, too. We are great or little in proportion to our power or weakness considered in comparison with France. A skreely-legged cockney would be a giant amongst the Lilliputians. We might be great with a quarter part of our present

strength, if France were as contemptible a power as the base Dutch are or the baser Sardinians. But France is not that contemptible power. France is a really great power; and, by-and-by, when I have taken a sketch of the war which she is now carrying on, and have just glanced at the probable consequences of that war, I shall call upon Englishmen to look at her present situation, compared with that of England and Ireland.

The "BOURBON WAR," which is the title that I gave to a series of articles, which appeared in the "Statesman" newspaper, in which I at that time wrote; this Bourbon War would appear to be, as a piece of actual warfare, drawing to a close. The Spanish Cortes have, it seems, got into the Island of Leon, and have got the petticoat fringer along with them.

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Ah! sorry sots! If they had had the spirit and the sense, necessary to conduct them through a change such as they contemplated, this fringe-maker never would have signed their death-warrants, which, to a certainty, he will now do, whether they flee or whether they remain. Did mortal man ever witness before scenes like those in which our Mr. A'Court has taken a part? Would men, worthy of conducting the affairs of a freed people; would men worthy of being named amongst the free have suffered those scenes to take place, and that gentleman to be dancing about in the manner that he has been! Would men worthy of the sacred names that they have made use of, have received in the manner that they have received the message which the Lord Charles carried to them from the Waterloo Wellesley? Dastards! They are what they were. They have always been the same thing. Had it not been for their perfidy to their country and to the cause of freedom, no

BOURBON would ever again have shown his face in Spain. If departed spirits look down, or look up; . . . but, why need I refer to BUONAPARTE, while his brother is alive. Mr. Joseph BUONAPARTE, who is living in the United States of America, must read of the adventures of the *Loyal Cortes*; he must recollect their treatment of him; their curses on him; their blessings on the Waterloo Wellesley, and their pious devotion towards FERDINAND the *Beloved*! He must recollect the means by which he was driven out of Spain; he must recollect the brutal exultation and the monstrous lies that pursued him in his retreat; and he cannot, without inexpressible satisfaction, look at the *Loyal Cortes* now besieged and surrounded by the Bourbons! I congratulate him, with my heart. It is a satisfaction which is due to him. He really carried the seeds of freedom into Spain. The *Loyal Cortes* would have the legitimate Bourbon back again. They had him back, and they

are now shut up with him pretty nearly as closely as birds in a cage.

There never appeared to me the smallest chance of persuading or bullying the French out of this Spanish war. Often as I have mentioned the thing, I shall have to mention it two or three times more, that, if the people of this country had believed me, they never would have been deceived with regard either to the commencement or the result of this war. I knew; I was certain; I could have taken my oath, that our Government could not talk of war. I said, not only that it would not talk of war; not only that it would not dare to talk of war; but I gave the very reasons for this belief, which the Government itself has since given in justification of the fact. Then, as to the progress of the war, I said the French would march to Madrid, without the smallest resistance. This was said, observe, *four months* before the war began! I did not wait till I saw what

army the French were agoing to invade with; but said it at once; and the public really ought to recollect with what scorn, with what contempt, I treated the notion, that the French army would revolt in favour of the Spaniards. The *Morning Chronicle* will recollect (for it severely criticised the opinion) that I said the French soldiers would as soon run their bayonets through the body of a philosopher as through that of a priest; that they cared for nothing as to the *cause*; that the general they liked best was he who would conduct them with the least punishment of their carcasses, to good living and to plunder, there being besides these, that they cared for upon the face of the earth, only those strumpets who followed them upon their march for the purpose of inflicting upon them some little part of the vengeance due to them from the rest of mankind. The *Chronicle* took this in dudgeon, and said some very handsome things about the *moral feelings* of the bayonet gen-

tlemen. It has found, however, by this time, that I knew them a little better than it did. But, besides the total absence of all thoughts about liberty or any thing of the sort, in a set of men, who, merely to *avoid working*, engage to cut their own mother's throats, if necessary; besides the folly of supposing such men to be actuated by motives emanating from a love of political liberty; besides this, could there be a Frenchman upon the face of the whole earth, and particularly a liberty-loving Frenchman; could there be one such Frenchman, who did not thirst for an opportunity of trampling upon the neck of those Spaniards, who, only a few years before, had entered France, of which they had the impudence to call themselves the *conquerors*? They, too, must be *conquerors*! They, who went into France with English dollars ginging in their pockets, and with English pork half-digested in their maws. They must be conquerors, too, must they? I wanted

no political knowledge. I wanted no information from France or from the Pyrenees. I wanted nothing but the common feelings of man to tell me at once, that there was not a drop of real French blood in the world that was not ready to flow in order to obtain vengeance for the insults of 1814 and 1815.

In no case does there appear to have been any thing like defection in the French army. The million of lies, which the base London press sent forth, from time to time, upon this subject, are now forgotten, and this base thing is credited just as much as ever. After the French had actually declared war; after the Duke d'Angouleme had joined the army; nay, after a part of that army had entered Spain; even after all this, this cajoled, this hoodwinked, this credulous nation, believed that the French *would not dare* to make war upon Spain! It would be a work of great utility to take the papers of this lying press, and to select, day by day its statements

relative to this war, from the first week of November, up to the time that the war should terminate. If such selection were made, and if it could be handed down to posterity, our grandchildren would *disown* us: they would swear that they were not descended from such ridiculous and contemptible dupes.

There are the Cortes, the Loyal Cortes, the "*companions in arms*" of the Waterloo Wellesley, of the Grahams, the Cottons, the Somersets, and the God knows who besides; there are the famous companions in arms shut up in Cadiz, besieged by land, blockaded by sea by French vessels that tumble about the bales of JOHN BULL, bid him stand search and show his papers: there are the companions in arms, blockaded as completely as a rat in a trap; there are the French, masters of Spain; in possession of all the powers of government of the kingdom. Such is the state of things, and yet the wiseacres; nay, ninety-nine hundredths of this whole country, and

of this great Wen in particular, believe that the Spaniards will be successful, and not only successful, but that they will drive out the French, covered with disgrace! Such is the effect of what is called liberty of the press in London; such is the effect of those lying fraternities and partnerships, which have the daily press in their hands, and who live and thrive by practising delusion. The "*patriots*" who represent the Cortes, in this country; I mean our English "*patriots*," do not understand very clearly, I imagine, how the running away to Cadiz can be made out to be a symptom of success to the Cortes. But, if they do not understand this, they understand very well the uses to which a *Rump Committee* can apply a subscription! They know very well what a great number of comfortable things a good subscription will purchase. Now, if SQUIRE SNIP should ask me what business I have with this, seeing that I do not subscribe; I answer that it is every man's busi-

ness to endeavour to prevent the public from being duped. Most outrageous, however, are these Rumpites at being, in some sort, driven from their prey; and they vent their malice accordingly.

The counter-revolution in Portugal was, to a certainty, a thing contrived and settled long beforehand, by the Portuguese Government, the French Government, and another, which shall, for the present, be nameless. Let the public, merely for fun's sake, recollect the exultation, with which the Spaniards published and the *Morning Chronicle* republished, the declaration, "the *manly* declaration of Mr. CANNING," namely, that Great Britain, "faithful to her treaties, would *defend* Portugal, if Portugal were attacked." Let the public recollect the surprisingly wise observations of Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, relative to the perilous state in which our neutrality would be placed by an attack of France upon Portugal; and let that same public recollect that I told Sir James not

to make himself unhappy on that score; for, that I was very much deceived if the Portuguese did not *march into Spain, to the assistance of the French*. The bloody *Old Times*, who justified the massacre of the Protestants at NISMES, and who called upon our Government to depose JAMES MADISON, and to kill BUONAPARTE, after he was our prisoner; this infamy of all infamies, quoted this prediction of mine, in proof of my monstrous absurdity. Nevertheless, who will now say, that the Portuguese will not enter Spain to give assistance to the French. That dilemma, in which Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH saw Mr. CANNING placed, has been completely removed by the simple means of nothing more than a counter-revolution in Portugal; and, if the Portuguese Cortes now writhe under the scorpions of Reboam, let it be recollected that they, too, boasted of their loyalty, and of their detestation of the principles of the French. They, too, might have been free, if they

would. They, too, took our money, and fought for the restoration of the Bourbons. Let them enjoy the fruit of their conduct. I, for my part, remember the years 1814 and 1815. I remember the insolent triumph of those who called themselves the conquerors of France. I remember what I then had to endure; and remembering it, I have no compassion for those who were guilty of the insolence and who now feel the effect of the restoration of the Bourbons.

I do not see any likelihood of any further resistance of the French. The Cortes will get away, if they can, I suppose; for, whatever may be their deserts, they will hardly wish to be hanged. I should not wonder to find that Sir ROBERT WILSON is, at this moment, on his way home; so that his wise constituents of the Borough might have kept the tune of "*The hero comes*" unplayed a little longer. All in good time. The hero is sure to come back to them; and what a happy meet-

ing it must be between him and Mr. WEATHERSTONE and 'Mrs. W.' and all the amiable young folks! Poh! boroughmongering, seat-selling, is bribery, corruption, perjury; it is villanous; but it is not contemptibly ridiculous like this. It is not such insane mockery; such despicable bombast. I declare to God that, if I had the misfortune to live in the Borough (and I once had the misfortune to live very near it), I would decamp. No *rules* should confine me in the neighbourhood, even in the neighbourhood of any thing so despicably low. I shall never again hear of a Borough man without thinking of idiots and culls. Go away, ye simpletons! Go and join your gallant representative, in "*rescuing a Peninsula from slavery*." I do not believe that any people upon the face of the earth were ever so abused, so duped, made such complete asses of, as this people; and the most duped of all, or the most completely unprincipled, have been the people of West-

minster and of the Borough of Southwark. The constituents of Thomas Curzon Hansard are not amiss. Their situation is enviable enough, but really the dupes of Westminster and the Borough surpass all the dupes that even this duped country has ever beheld. It is hardly a fortnight since they were coolly told by the son of the placeman, HOBHOUSE, that he had not the smallest doubt of the ultimate success of the Spaniards; when there was not a rational being in London, who was not morally certain that, in a very few weeks, the Cortes must decamp or be hanged. The empty, impudent lie is nothing: it is the disgraceful fact that he who had the effrontery or the folly to make such a speech, should be hailed with cheers by men calling themselves the *free and independent electors of an English town*. However, they all knew what his father had been sucking down of the public money for so many years; and we may fearlessly say, that there was

scarcely a man amongst them who had not a paw ready to hold out to participate in the plunder of the public purse.

While these men were at work to extract money from the pockets of the public, under pretence of supporting the Spaniards, those Spaniards were fleeing before the French like mice before a cat. In every part of Spain, there will soon be more or less of French military force. Our newspapers tell us that the French have scarcely begun their work. For this once the disgraceful wretches speak truth. The French have hardly begun their work, indeed; for, they have to organize a complete military occupation of Spain. They have to re-settle the family compact, and to take special care that France shall not be again "*conquered*" by an English and German army, entering from the Pyrenees.

It is now time to call the attention of the public to the numerous assertions of our execrable press, and even of the Ministers them-

selves, that the war was unpopular in France. I constantly maintained the contrary. I had no positive information upon the subject; but, seeing that it must be understood, that it was a war hostile to us, I never could be made to believe that it met with the disapprobation of Frenchmen. I have no positive information upon the subject now; for, as to the French newspapers, I believe them no more than I believe the traders of the London press. But I see the war go on. I see no commotion in France; and I hear that which convinces me that the French people are not only tranquil, but contented. Say ruffian Whigs what they will; say bawling pretended patriots what they will; fret, fume, storm, cry or swear as long as they will, I will not suppress my reasons for believing, that the Bourbon Government (bad as it may be) is the best that I know any thing of, except from New Jersey northward, of the United States of America; and, in the maintaining of this opinion, I am

ready to do that which the base Whigs and still baser Rumpites never attempt to do; namely, put forward reasons.

I despise, and I always have despised, the talk of those who would amuse me with empty names. *Liberty* and *freedom* mean any thing, that he who uses them may choose them to mean. We have seen enough of empty names with the total absence of the things. Those who would make us believe that the people of France are enslaved, never attempt to show us what are the proofs of their slavery. I have asked a thousand times for the instances of this slavery. Just to have told to me some little thing in which we are freer than the French. I have challenged the *Morning Chronicle* to the comparison, many times over. Wearied with its silence, I have shown how much freer the people of France are than we are. The consummate baseness, which can induce men to remain silent as to the exposures which I have made

and at the same time to persevere in asserting that we are free and that the French are slaves ; this baseness may possibly meet with its match, but exceeded it cannot be.

I have very recently had an opportunity of conversing with two gentlemen, who have returned from a tour in France. I have known these gentlemen for some time. I can rely upon their veracity ; and, which in such a case is of still greater importance, on their *capacity for judging*. They are two English yeomen, residing in the midland counties. They have been to France for the purpose of taking a view of it, and, perhaps, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it be a country desirable to remove to. They travelled eight hundred miles in France ; looked well into the situation of the farmers and the labourers ; and stated to me some particulars very well worthy of public attention.

Their account of farmers to the south of Paris is, that they are in point of dress and other enjoyments, little elevated apparently above the labourers ; that the labourers live well ; a great deal better than those who are best off amongst our unfortunate beings ; that wheat is, at this time, about

five shillings and sixpence a bushel, English money and English bushel, and meat (in the country) threepence, English, for an English pound. The labourers, with these prices of provisions, have ten shillings a-week, English money. These gentlemen add (and very natural it is) that the labourers have an air of great *independence*, resembling (one of the gentlemen observed) that of the American labourers, as described by me in the "*Year's Residence*." This is natural enough. Poor creatures must be half starved before they will stand trembling, with ragged hat in hand before their employer.

These gentlemen say that the crops in France promise to be very fine. They are good judges. They had travelled eight hundred miles in France, and they had seen no spot which was not by many degrees better than even the best of the land between Brighton and London. To be sure this is a very villanous tract of country ; but still their description of the state of agriculture in France would astound an English statesman, if England had a statesman capable of estimating the ultimate consequences to England.

Amongst other things, I learnt from these gentlemen, that the

English farmers, *who have gone to settle in France*, are rather uneasy lest something should happen to disturb them in their occupation, and the possession of their property. Did you hear *that*, Whitehall? Did you hear that? Did you hear me say that there is such a thing in existence; that there is such a thing going on, as a **REMOVAL OF FARMERS FROM ENGLAND TO GO AND SETTLE IN FRANCE!**

I should not like to cut my throat, because Castlereagh cut his throat; but, if I were an English Minister, and if, under my ministry, under the influence of my measures English farmers abandoned their country to settle in France, I would cut my throat, or, I would find some means or other of escaping from the scorn of the world, and from those bitter reproaches which my own mind could not fail to make to itself. I know not that thing that I would not have said of me, rather than that I, having the power to adopt what measures I pleased, adopted measures that drove English farmers to settle in France.

This one fact is enough to mark the relative situation of the two countries. All along the banks of the Loire; on several parts of the banks of the Seine; in Picardy,

in Normandy, in short, all over France, English farmers are to be found. Why, the Waterloo Wellesley "*conquered*" this same France, only seven years ago; and, in one shape or another, he had more than half a million of our money for the achievement. And, already do English farmers, who have fled to France to avoid being pressed to the earth by the Debt created by his immortal victories, or rather creating those victories; already do these English farmers express their alarm, lest some disturbance in France should force them again to set foot on Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH'S "*classic ground of liberty.*"

This fact is completely decisive as to the true state of the case. It was quite new to see English farmers emigrating to America. That was a novelty in the history of emigrations; but to see English farmers go to settle in France, is something more than a novelty. It is this: a complete proof of the declining and disgusting state of their own country. They have children as well as themselves to take care of. They know that if they remain here they must continue to pay the interest of this enormous Debt; to support the scarcely less enormous *dead-weight*, and to support the hie-

rarchy into the bargain. They can promise to themselves and their children neither ease nor competence. Sooner or later they must be beggars, if they remain ; and therefore, while they have something left, they flee to a foreign land ; and, if by their fleeing, they add to the power of the rival, and enemy, of their own country, the fault is not theirs, but belongs solely to those, who have made it impossible for them to remain without ruin.

Thus France is rising above us. Her resources are not mortgaged. The child of the labourer is not pledged to a band of jews before he quits the cradle. The ten shillings a-week which the labourer receives does not go into the hands of the taxgatherer. Of every shilling that goes into the hands of our poor wretches, fourpence, at the least, goes away in tax. The French labourer has his ten shillings to expend in food and raiment and fuel. These gentlemen went into labourers' dwellings, enquired and saw how they lived ; and they represent their state as one of perfect blessedness compared to that of the miserable creatures who raise the food and raiment in England. Notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding the notorious state of Ireland, we

have impudent mountebanks to stand up in public places, to tell us that the French are slaves, and to bid us boast of our freedom ! I know of no impostors more despicable than these. I know of none more worthy of punishment. They pretend to be opposed to the System under which we groan ; but what, in order to uphold that system, can they do better than represent us as better off than the people of France. They talk of persons being paid by the Ministry ! Who can serve that ministry more effectually more efficiently than the vile impostor who tells you that you are better off than the people of France ; and who, in that assertion, bids you stir neither hand nor foot for your deliverance. But, look at these impostors : is there a man amongst them, who is not pocketing the public money by his own hands, or by those of his relations ? We ought all to wish the French people to be free and happy. They, by their valour and their good sense, gave despotism a blow that it will never recover. We ought, therefore, to wish them well. If they be not so well off as we could wish, it ought to be matter of regret with us ; but, at any rate, we ought not to represent them as slaves in order

to gloss over our own disgrace. Let us endeavour to enjoy the good things which they enjoy; let us endeavour to make ourselves as free as they are; but let us not endeavour to disguise our own shame, and to rivet our own chains, by pretending that we are free and that they are slaves.

For my part, I am willing to compound: if that could be, I would compound with Jew, Turk, Bourbon, or any thing else. I would say, let the common labouring man have ten shillings a-week, meat at threepence a pound, wheat at five shillings and sixpence a bushel, and no malt or salt tax or soap or candle tax: let these things be, and, though the Dey of Algiers be the sovereign, I will call it "*the classic ground of liberty.*" I stipulate, however, for not being shut up from sunset to sunrise, and for not being banished for life, if I should happen to say any thing having a tendency to bring into contempt those who call themselves my representatives.

The French seem to be very much of my taste; and especially the French farmers. Accordingly, they make no noise about politics. France is tranquil; and, for my part, I most sincerely wish her to remain tranquil and prosperous

and powerful; for very certain am I that her being the reverse of any of these would be greatly injurious to the people of England. The Bourbons are at the head of her; but I care little about that. I wish her to inflict signal vengeance upon all those who exulted when they thought they had enslaved her and degraded her for ever. I see the triumphs of her armies with pleasure, so long as those triumphs tend to humble her insolent foes, who so basely exulted in 1814 and 1815. What my wishes are, however, is of little consequence. According to all appearances, she will give her former foes their hands full. Delighted she must be to see this country chained down to this immoveable millstone; but, though this be matter to delight a Frenchman, it is matter that the best of Englishmen may see without regret. For more than a century, we have been sinking into a state of abjectness. We never can recover, but by the shaking off of this millstone; and shake it off we never shall *except we are compelled to it by France.* She will bring the question to issue, at last, whether we will submit to be her slaves, or shake off the tyranny of the jews. She, and she alone, can bring this question

to issue. To issue her laudible ambition will bring it; and then, after all, we shall have to thank her for our deliverance. No nation but France has the power to force us into the field. She has the power. She is cunning, and cunning would induce her to let us linger along; but, thank God, her cunning is exceeded by her ambition, her love of wealth and dominion by her love of glory, and she will, by her hostility, at last deliver us from the curse which now sinks us to the earth.

With a fervent prayer to God to hasten the hour, I should conclude this article; but there is one point of contrast in the conduct of the two Governments, which is of a nature so strongly characteristic, that I cannot help taking particular notice of it. The Bourbon Government imposes a heavy duty on all articles of consumption *that enter Paris*. Nothing was ever more wise than this. It prevents that capital from swelling into a *Wen*; it lays a tax on the rich and profligate; it draws revenue from those numerous foreigners who always crowd Paris; it eases the country people; and, above all things, it tends to prevent an increase of debauchery and of crimes of all sorts. Our pretty fellows and

their "Collective Wisdom" appear to act upon a precisely opposite principle. They favour the growth of our *Wen* in all sorts of ways. Not content with placing all the *Public Offices* in the *Wen*; not content with surrounding it with barracks; they build places to imprison the *debtors* and *thieves* of the *country* as well as those of the *Wen* itself. They swell out the *Wen* with *hospitals* and *mad-houses*. They *tax the country at large*, and draw up its wealth for these purposes. The tax-eaters, being encouraged by every means to live in and round the *Wen*, the Government taxes the *country at large to build churches*, rendered necessary by tax-eating piety. Thus is the whole *country* impoverished for the purpose of favouring this monstrous assemblage. Ours is essentially a stock-jobbing government. All its favours are reserved for the crew who deal in money. The French government is a government of the *country*. On our *Wen*, for the purpose, as it would seem, of swelling our *Wen*, more than *ten millions* have been drawn from the *country*, during a very few years. The "*improvements*," as they are called, at Westminster, have drawn an immense sum from the *country*, and have caused thou-

sands of labouring people to be half-starved. In short, this Government seems to have done all that it had power to do, in order to render the catastrophe as dreadful as possible. For, *dispersed* this *Wen* must be, mind, by *some means or other*! This must happen at last. Houses equal to those of ten market-towns cannot be *added yearly* without a dreadful dispersion at last. Of the million and a half of people who are drawn together here, more than a million have *no business here*. They have been drawn here by unnatural causes. They must and they will be *scattered*. A considerable reduction of the interest of the Debt would scatter many of them at once. A sudden blowing up of the Debt would scatter them as a whirlwind scatters a haystack.

This scattering *must come*. Death to the human body is not more certain than this scattering is. Would not a wise government, a government that took any thought for the morrow, take care not to *swell* such a mass? I long ago said, that I, if I had the power, would cause the work of dispersion to begin beforehand. I said, that I would lay *double taxes* on windows and other things in the *Wen* and within twenty or thirty

miles of it. The measures of the Bourbons are, in this respect, excellent; and they ought to be imitated here without delay. I would impose a tax of ten pounds on every ox that was eaten in the *Wen*. In France you hear people say, "I would go and live in *Paris*, but things are *so dear*." To be sure. The government wisely makes meat *sevenpence* a pound there, while it is *threepence* a pound in the country. Our precious **THING** takes care, on the contrary, to make it *dearer* living in the country than in the *Wen*. A labouring man can live *cheaper* here than in any hamlet. At this very moment I have some men working for me at Kensington. They come from a distance of *twenty miles*. Meat is dearer at Kensington than in the thick of the *Wen*, and yet these men buy *mutton* at Kensington and carry it *twenty miles on their backs*, it being so much *cheaper* than it is at their homes! Ought a state of things like this to exist? Had not the landowners of England been the most stupid of the human race, it never could have existed.

The Government of France wisely dreads the *swelling* of the capital; and it takes effectual means to prevent it. If *Paris* were to *swell*, the government would, doubtless,

make an addition to the *Barrier Taxes*, and, thus, it would keep the thing from becoming a monster like ours. So far are our pretty fellows from being alarmed at the increase of the *Wen*, they look upon it as a thing to *boast of*! They deem it a proof of *national prosperity*! The million of money, drawn from the country and laid out upon a prison for the thieves and bawds of the *Wen*, they look upon as a wonderful proof of national prosperity! In short, they never look at the decaying, the perishing country. They look at nothing but the brilliant produce of the enormous taxation. The far greater part of the people view things in the same way; and the nation is to be awakened from the dream only by the fact of its *not daring to talk of war*, though slapped in the face by the French, who, if they have not changed their nature, will go steadily on in the work of humbling those who had the base insolence to call themselves their *conquerors*. If the world should, at any time, be moved by our degradation and disposed to pity us, it will only have to call to mind the *shouting and clapping* with which the corrupt and cowardly crew received the Museum-negotiator, who has since cut his throat. The world

has only to call *this one thing* to mind, in order to rid it of all feelings of compassion.

WM. COBBETT.

AMERICAN APPLE GRAFFS.

WHEN I was selling these, some time ago, I observed on the excellent state, in which they were, though they had been then severed from the tree more than *four months*. I said, that some of them, if properly put on, would produce *bloom*, and that, *possibly*, some might produce *fruit*; and I requested those gentlemen, who might have *fruit*, to have the goodness to inform me of it. *Three* have informed me of their having fruit; but, in the case of one of them, the person who had the care of the graffs had met with a "*misfortune*," by which the apple, when it had attained the size of a *walnut*, was knocked off! Perhaps there is nothing in the world so bad as being "*unfortunate*;" and an unfortunate *gardener* is, perhaps, the most unfortunate of all mankind. Such a man can preserve nothing. The

poor fellow seems to have a *spell* set upon him. It is in vain to endeavour to rescue him from the *spell*. Such an apple, under *such* care, is sure to get knocked off. The only way of getting rid of the effects of the spell is to *get rid of the gardener*. It may be said, that it is very hard to *punish* the poor man for being unfortunate. Yes; but this is a misrepresentation of your act, which is, not to *punish* any body, but to *preserve your choice productions*. It would be very wicked in a government to *punish* a general or an admiral for being *unfortunate*; but, it would be the bounden duty of a government to *dismiss* such unfortunate person.

To return to my subject, I myself have *two apples*, growing on grafts, imported last winter. These apples are about the size of *pigeons' eggs*. The grafts were put on the stocks on the *27th of April*. They were cut from the tree in America on the *16th of December*. So that they were severed from the tree *four months and thirteen days*; and they were tossed about over about fifty miles on land in America; then on board of ship to Liverpool; then upon the canal to London; and then from Paddington to Kensington. Some of them have been sent from Ken-

sington to *Wales*; others to *Scotland*; and all have done well. It is a fact worthy of particular notice; that, in every instance that I have heard of, where stocks have, in the same place and at the same time, been grafted with English cuttings, *these have failed* in a much greater proportion than the American cuttings. However, the *fruit* upon these American cuttings is a great curiosity in Natural History. It is a thing never, I believe, heard of before. Any gentleman who bought grafts of me, or who is curious in apples, may, if he think it worth his while, see these apples now growing at Kensington. Whether they will come to perfection is more than I can say; but, I *think* they will. They may fall short of full size; but, I think they will attain a tolerable size; and this would be a most surprising thing.

One gentleman has written to me to inform me, that all his English cuttings failed, and that all the American ones that he had, flourished. The reason of this I take to be, the superior *ripening of the wood* of the American cuttings. Many of our trees; or rather many foreign trees that grow in this country, and sometimes apple trees, have their shoots killed by the frost. That is to say, the

frost of the winter nips and kills the shoot of the preceding summer. Now, this never happens in America. The Oxidental Plane (which the Americans call button-wood, and which grows to a larger size than any other tree in that country) often gets nipped and even killed in England; but never in America, though the frost there is, beyond all comparison, more severe than it is here. The cause is this; that the sun of America ripens the summer shoot; makes it solid and capable of resisting the frost. Trees shoot but very little, indeed, in America, after Midsummer. The heat comes and puts a stop to all further shooting; and it ripens and hardens the wood, and enables it to resist the frost. Our shoots, on the contrary, are, a great part of them, produced, principally, in August and September; and sometimes we have very little sun while and after a great part of the shoot has been growing. The frost comes and finds our shoots, therefore, in a soft and watery state. If it do not actually destroy them, it disqualifies them for bearing; and, without doubt, it renders them unfit for cuttings to put upon stocks. It is very well known to peach and nectarine gardeners, that a great matter is the ripening of the wood.

They know that a soft green shoot never produces fruit. This, therefore, is unquestionably the reason why these American graffs succeed so well. It would be impossible, I dare say, to obtain fruit the first year from an English cutting; or, at most, such a thing could not be expected one time out of a thousand. In my own garden, this year, I have had more than fifty of these American cuttings *in full bloom*; and four of them have had fruit the size of a hazel-nut. Two of them are carrying on their fruit, which have now attained the size of a pigeon's egg.

I look upon this importation of graffs to be a matter of great consequence. Every body allows that our orchards want renovation. The regular and rapid decay of our apples is matter of general complaint in the cyder countries. An improvement *must* arise from the introduction of fine apples from America. To bring the *trees* is attended with monstrous trouble and expense, besides the great uncertainty of their growing. Not one out of ten grows, and not one out of fifty *thrives*. You have a fine large bearing apple tree from an American cutting, before you can get any thing like a vigorous shoot from an imported tree. Nothing is more uncertain,

besides, than the sort of fruit as well as of stock; for, of all the careless creatures in this world, the Americans are the most careless, in matters of this sort. To import one tree will, at any rate, cost as much as to import a hundred cuttings, and a tree must be fortunate, indeed, if one of the cuttings does not surpass it in point of time bearing.

A gentleman who requested me, some time back, to import some cuttings of *cyder-apples*, will do me a favour, if he will write to me and give me as full a description as is necessary of the sort of apples that he wishes to have as cyder-apples. He will please to observe that I know very little about the making of cyder, and that, therefore, I want information as to the kind of apples that are wanted for that purpose. I shall order my correspondent to send me ten or a dozen sorts of cyder-apple cuttings; but if the gentleman to whom I allude would be so good as to favour me with a description of the qualities of the apples, that he should like to have to make cyder of, it would be of great service, and would, I dare say, make my assortment more useful. As to apple trees, I have to state, in answer to inquiries on the subject, that I shall

have a considerable number to sell in *the fall*. They are now growing at Kensington, and have all been grafted under my own eye with cuttings imported from America. They are upon *Paradise-stocks*, and, of course, will not be fit for large orchards; and, indeed, they are intended for espaliers, or for dwarf standards in gardens. They will, of course, not be sold until the proper time for removing them, which is all the time between the middle of October and the middle of April. In order that they may succeed, that they may bear speedily and plentifully, the ground wherein they are to be planted ought to be prepared during the summer. The preparation of the ground and the planting are matters of great importance. People dig a hole, poke the roots of a tree into it, turnle the earth in upon the roots, tread it hard at the top round the stem, and wonder how it is that the tree does not grow. They would not wonder, if they could get under the ground, and there see how large a part of the roots are become mouldy; and how large a part lie separated from the earth altogether. Whatever I sell, I should like to live and thrive; and if the reader be not perfectly skilful as to the act of planting,

I would advise him to read my Gardening Book, from paragraph 283 to 286, inclusive. I advise every one to refrain from buying trees to plant, unless he be resolved to see them planted with his own eyes, or to commit the business to some very trusty person.

I mentioned, before, that I sent home some apple-cuttings in 1813; that some of these cuttings were taken and used or distributed by the Horticultural Society. In January, I saw Mr. KNIGHT, the President of the Society, at Hereford. I asked him about the cuttings. He told me, that they grew very well, but that they *did not bear*. Now, the Horticultural Society must have been very unfortunate, or I must have been very fortunate, for, out of twelve trees, upon which I put American cuttings, since I came to live at Kensington, and two years after the Horticultural Society got cuttings from me, out of twelve, *eight* are now actually bearing! The propensity to bear is surely most fully proved by the bloom and the fruit on the cuttings imported this year. And, not only are my cuttings of 1821 bearing in capital style; but, the *wood for the next year's bearing* is the finest that I ever saw in my life.

Almost every shoot of the last summer is crowded with fruit-spurs; and, though great care has been taken of the trees, certainly, here are all the proofs of great productiveness; of a great disposition to bear, which is a capital quality in apple trees as well as in all other fruit trees. Here is no want of wood; but, with one single exception, I have not a tree which runs to wood and not to fruit. The far greater part of the fruit which I have promises to be very fine.

If any gentleman should think it worth his while to convey to me any information that he thinks may be useful with regard to sorts of cyder-apples, I should be obliged to him if he would send it me in the course of a month. As to *eating-apples*, I know them pretty well, and I shall take care to have of every sort that is held in estimation.

STRAW PLAT.

TIME, in this case, as in all others, teaches us that which, at the outset, we do not know. There has, too, in this affair, been a

general disposition to aid and assist; so that the undertaking has not been so slow in its progress as it otherwise must have been. I have received a paper from *Florence*, dated on the 21st of June. The gentleman who has been so good as to send it me intimates that he will attend to any inquiries that I may make in the Register. I wish, then, to ascertain what *measures* in English correspond with the Florentine measures which he has mentioned. In cases of this sort, it is necessary to be very precise, and to write in a very plain hand, in order to render the communication useful. I am aware of the circumstances mentioned by the writer relative to the nature, and mode of obtaining, the raw material; but the prices of that material and of the workmanship were unknown to me, and they are points of great interest.

The further I inquire and observe, the more complete is my conviction, that the Italians seldom or never make use of the straw of grass; and I am of opinion that we ourselves shall rival and beat these Italians with their own means; namely, the *straw of grain*. I have now numerous specimens of Italian plat before me; some very coarse, and some

very fine, though by no means so fine as the plat of Miss Woodhouse. Very fine, however; and I am convinced that even this fine is made out of the straw of grain, though to obtain straw sufficiently fine for the purpose great pains must have been taken.

The readers of the REGISTER will recollect, that, from the very first mention of the subject, I said that the way to obtain the straw, was to sow wheat or rye at the rate of about *fifteen bushels to the acre*. Letter after letter I now receive, informing me that the Italians sow the grain upon poor land, and very thick. This is part of the information sent by my correspondent above-mentioned. Doubtless, there are the same sorts of grass in Italy as there are here; but it is clear that the Italians make use of the straw of grain. Miss WOODHOUSE chose to make use of grass in order to surpass the Italians in the fineness of her work; and she has surpassed them; but the straw of grain would be gotten much *easier* than that of grass; for a prodigious quantity would stand upon an acre of land; it would be all of one kind; and would be free from weeds, and from all sorts of rubbish.

This mode of obtaining the straw

will, to a certainty, be the mode made use of in England next year. Probably enough straw to make five thousand bonnets might be grown upon an acre of land. There will be plenty of time to talk about the act of sowing; but, even for this year, a considerable quantity of little miserable, starved wheat may be got together. It should be cut just when the milk is coming into the grain of the head-ears of the field. In most fields, and especially in the woodland countries, you will find places under big trees, and along the furrows, where the straw is very small, and where the ears are scarcely an inch long, and have no grain, or only a single grain, in each of them, and that an imperfect one. In the "*Cottage Economy*," I mentioned the different sorts of wheat, and pointed out those which I thought best for this purpose; but, I am satisfied that any sort will do. It is now too late to get *rye*; but a great deal of wheat may be got; and I question whether as much may not be made of the good-for-nothing part of a field of wheat as of that part which seems to be the most valuable.

The grass of various sorts may, nevertheless, be used; and I can see no reason why the great variety of sizes and of colours af-

forded by the grass, should not prove advantageous, rather than otherwise. Certain it is that we have all the materials here; and certain it is also that *I have, at this moment, platters at work upon English rye-straw, who are producing work equal to any that I can find that has come from Leghorn.* This is coming to the point; and the point will have been come to in a very short time; for it will not take more than a fortnight to turn this plat into bonnets. I prefer beginning upon the grain-straw, because it is the very *same material* that the Florentines make use of. Several sorts of grass will make much finer and much more beautiful plat; but it will not be the same as that which comes from Leghorn. It will be better, but not the same; and, therefore, I begin with the straw of grain, and which does, indeed, make very beautiful plat.

There are several correspondents whom I ought to attend to, without loss of time, and who have not been attended to before, owing to my absence from London. A lady in Yorkshire, who wishes for information with regard to the kind of grass to be used, I must refer to the "*Cottage Economy*," where I have so fully gone into this part of the subject. She will also see

what I have now been saying about the straw of grain.

The eight pieces of plat sent me by W. B. from Norfolk, exhibit a most admirable specimen of attention, industry and skill. Five, are, I see, from the common *bennet grass*; two from the *crested dog's-tail*, and one from the *maiden's-hair grass*. None of them are exquisitely fine; but number seven is most beautiful. I have compared it with a piece of Leghorn, which is nearly of the same fineness; and in every respect the Norfolk production is the best. These specimens contain six instances of joining, or *knitting together*; and the doing of this has, it seems, been discovered by the lady who made the plat. Better judges than I am, pronounce this knitting to be perfectly well done. It is with great difficulty that the eye can trace the joining; and, therefore, we need be in no apprehension as to an incapacity to perform this part of the work.

A gentleman from Suffolk, has sent me some specimens of plat made by his daughter and his maid-servant. These are very good, and his specimens of grass are very good also. The difficulty which he finds in getting the platters to work upon the new plat will, I imagine, very soon disap-

pear. People are always unwilling to consider that which they have been accustomed to do, as being of less value and less importance than that which they have not been accustomed to do. But a short time gets the better of this sort of feeling, and such will be the result in the present instance. Having the material, in such abundance; seeing how beautiful the straw is; seeing it in their own possession, and with only the cost of merely cutting it from a bank or hedge, it is impossible that the women of this country should not, in a very short time, make their own hats and bonnets. I look upon the discovery as of the greatest importance, as leading to the habit of *domestic* manufacture; and, by domestic, I mean, in the family where the article is used. At present, the persons who plat straw, live in *particular districts*, and follow the platting as a sort of *trade*. This, to a certain extent, and for exportation, perhaps, may be desirable still; but what I want to see is this, the hats and bonnets made in people's houses after just the same manner that shirts, cravats, and such things are made. Before, when we had no idea that we had the material to make them of, or where to get straw to split, it was necessary to go to the farmer

and make a purchase; when this was the case, the hat and bonnet makers naturally congregated together, and became the under-workers of the master-manufacturers or dealers; so that, the thing had to pass through three or four hands before it reached the wearer. Now, let it be borne in mind, that all middle men are mischievous, if they can possibly be done without. The miserable creatures in Ireland owe one half of their calamities to middle men. The middle men take away that which ought to go to remunerate productive labour. Suppose a gentleman, with a large family, living in some village. His family expend ten pounds a year in straw bonnets and hats. They get them from the neighbouring town. The bonnet-man in this town has received them from a bigger bonnet-man in London. He (for we will suppose them to be English produce) has had them built, after having bought the plat of a plat merchant, who has first bought it of the platters, in the platting district. Here, then, are *three* persons between the platter and the wearer. These three persons must each of them have a greater profit than the platter. Now, is not this a very absurd way of going on? You have the materials in every

field and every hedge. It costs little more trouble to get them, than it does to pick a nosegay. You get enough, in five minutes, from the side of any footpath, under any hedge in the kingdom. Is it not better then, to give a part of the ten pounds to the working people in your own neighbourhood, to come and help you build the hats and bonnets, than to divide the whole ten pounds amongst strangers, and giving about seven out of the ten, to the middle men in the business. Monstrously absurd would it be thought to go to a shop to buy ready-made shirts and neckcloths; but it would not be quite so absurd as it would be to go to a shop to buy straw hats and bonnets, having the materials in such abundance for nothing, and having so powerful a motive to employ your own poor neighbours in the business. What can possibly be more pleasant than the gathering of the materials wherewith to make these articles of dress: what more delightful except the employing of your own poor neighbours to perform the work.

It is not to be expected that such a change will be accomplished all at once. Trifling as the difficulties are, they must be overcome; and I will now endea-

your to remove some of them. The great difference between a Leghorn hat and an English one, consists of the different manner of putting the plat together. The Leghorn is what is called knitted together; and this is a very nice business and difficult to learn. Nevertheless, more than ten persons have sent me specimens of their knitting, which, I find, to be perfectly well done. But, it is to be observed, that, in order to render the knitting practicable, the platting must be performed in a certain manner. The plat must consist of *thirteen straws*, neither more nor less. The edges of the plat must be so constructed as for the *eyes*, or *loops* or *slips*, as they are called, not to pull out when the needle passes along to knit the two pieces of plat together. In order to secure this point, care must be taken, when a fresh straw is put in, to give it so much of fastening, before its turn comes to be on the edge, as to make it secure against the force of the needle. Whether this can be learned without seeing and examining a piece of plat properly made, I do not know; but learnt it must be for it is essential.

This work of knitting has been considered as a sort of mystery, retained to themselves by the Jews

and Jewesses of London. The history of the matter is this. Many of the Italians who have been dealers in this sort of goods, are Jews. The bonnets, or rather hats, are made principally in the State of Tuscany, and, generally, they are shipped from the port of Leghorn to England and elsewhere. The shipments are made in hats, in plat, and sometimes in straw. The hats are mere flat things, and are, in fact, nothing more than large circles of plat knitted together. When these come here, they are cut up into the fronts of bonnets. Part of them is ripped in sunder; that is to say, the plat is *unknitted*, and this plat is knitted together again in the shape of crowns. These flat hats pay a duty of five and eightpence apiece. Another mode of shipment is in the shape of plat. This plat is put together in England. The knitting and unknitting has hitherto been performed principally by Jewesses, because, as I said before, the importation has, in general, been in the hands of Jews.

However, already has there been an inroad made upon the *mystery*. I understand that several *Christian* women have learnt this Jewish mystery. What will take place will be this. Women

will keep *schools* to teach this knitting, and girls will very soon be in the habit of learning it at the same time that they learn their letters and learn to sew. It is right that those who possess the talent should be paid for the communicating it to others; and they will be paid for it, of course; but it cannot long remain a thing not as commonly known and as easily performed, and more easily, too, than the making of the collar of a shirt. Be it always understood, that, as far as my wishes go, I would not give a farthing for the thing, unless it became as general as any of those domestic works which our wives, daughters and servants are in the habit of performing. It is to prevent the thing being confined to particular districts, that I am taking all these pains. I want to see it diffused. I want to see it in such a state, that any lady in the country shall think no more of sending to London for a bonnet than she would of sending to London for butter or milk. It is a thing perfectly matchless in its facilities. The materials are to be found as easily as the dirt we tread upon. It is not necessary to be possessed of a single farthing in order to acquire them, in a certain extent, at any rate. There is scarcely so great

a brute in existence as to prevent a poor creature from cutting a bundle of grass in his hedge; and what hedge is there which does not afford such bundle?

It is not the number of hats and bonnets that has been used, which we are to look upon as the number that will be used. Gentlemen, who are ashamed to put the poor miserable things of common straw upon their heads, will be delighted with a hat made of materials such as I find in the eight specimens sent me up by W. B. from Norfolk. His wife made the plat and knitted it. She had no teaching to do either; and what a beautiful hat might be made out of numbers five or seven of this plat! So that, we are not to suppose that the number of hats and bonnets would not be increased. Besides, as I have elsewhere observed, a great *exportation* would certainly take place; and in this the whole country, particularly the landholders, are deeply interested. The exportation from Italy is very great. Many millions a-year are brought to that country by the export of the several articles made of straw. We are told that the Italians work cheap; but I am quite satisfied, that, in spite of their cheap working, we shall very soon work them

out of this species of traffic. If I lived in the platting districts, I would have persons brought thither to teach the young girls how to knit the plat, and how to make it in the proper manner. A great part of the art of these Jews consists in the *forming of the crown*. Whether they use blocks or not I am not certain; but certainly the difficulty here is much greater than when the plat is sewed on upon each other according to the vulgar fashion of Dunstable. Yet, what can this difficulty be! When the thing is performed by so many hundreds of women and girls; when those who perform it gain little more than a sufficiency of bread to eat and of clothes to wear, it is impossible that the difficulty can be great.

I shall conclude at present, with an observation relative to the keeping of the straw that may be obtained before the season be past. Let it be observed that, for this season, the country is supplied with Leghorn hats and bonnets. The Italians have just now laid in their stock of straw for making the *goods which we are to have of them next spring!* About Christmas our bonnet builders give their orders to the Italian Jews who import the hats and the plat from Leghorn. The country is actually

supplied at this moment, for this season. The preparations, which we are making, have alarmed the bonnet builders and the Jews, and have tumbled down the price of the Leghorn wares. But, though this is of itself a great benefit; though this keeps some thousands of pounds from the Italians, let it be observed, that the straw which we are now getting, is to be sold in the shape of hats and bonnets, *next spring*. The bonnet builders will, when Christmas comes, think twice before they will give one order to the Italian Jew. Those, therefore, who have straw prepared, ought by no means to be in a hurry either to dispose of it, or to have it platted. When the harvest is over, the country people will want something to do; and, in my opinion, he must be an odd sort of country gentleman who will let this object pass wholly unobserved. To be sure, great indeed must be the changes before the labouring people can be taken out of the pauperised state in which they now are; but, at any rate, here is one means of affording them a chance of such removal. Congregating them into masses of straw manufacturers, would only be to add to the mischiefs already existing. It is impossible to read an account of the

horrid situation of the cotton manufacturers, without cursing the inventors of the spinning-jennies. There are certain things belonging to those manufactories too odious, too disgusting to mention. If the regulations; if the *printed regulations* of those factories have any sense or meaning, the wretches who are subject to them are, in the scale of being, one degree beneath the beasts that perish. The slaves that cultivate the cotton in Carolina and Georgia; those slaves, though liable to be sold like cattle at a fair, are, if the regulations of which I have spoken be authentic, gentlemen and ladies, compared to the cotton spinners of Lancashire. Such horrible scenes ought not to be suffered to exist. They cannot be necessary to the upholding of any government or any nation; and, if they were, such government or such nation ought to be destroyed. Yes, I deliberately say, that, if scenes such as I have alluded to, were necessary to preserve England from destruction, England ought to be destroyed. The manufacture that I endeavour to set on foot is altogether the opposite of the infernal thing here spoken of. It may be made extensive; it may be made a blessing to the labouring people in particular. It may be

made to draw from the rich of this country and from those of foreign nations, too, the means of good living to those who are now miserably fed and miserably clad. If some Irish Lord were, instead of spending his time at a watering-place, to set about the introducing of this into Ireland, what good might he not do? The Italians cannot work cheaper than the Irish could. However, I expect, I must confess, much more to be done by the middle ranks of society than by anybody else. To them we must leave the undertaking, repeating, however, this observation, that the straw which is procured now, will really not be wanted, for the far greater part, until next spring. I mean that it will not be wanted in London, or any where else, by persons who buy in shops. They have bought for this season; and, as I said before, they have bought at a cheaper rate than they would have bought, if there had been no talk of a domestic manufacture. I hear, and, indeed, I know the fact, that the importers are now selling Leghorn bonnets *at a loss*. I know this for certain; and I am not at all surprised at it. Suppose the thing were to stop here, then. Even here is a great benefit. But what will the benefit be if we

finally put a stop to the sending of half a million of money out of the country? To do this, and, from an importing nation, to make us an exporting nation will be a thing such as has been accomplished in very few cases, and especially in a short space of time. To do it effectually, large tracts of grain must be sown in the fall, for the purpose of raising straw; but, as I said before, occasions enough will offer for giving opinions upon that head. Nevertheless, I cannot help thus early, observing, that, if I were a little farmer (no matter in what part of the kingdom), I should be already fixing upon a piece of ground in which to sow some wheat or some rye. Fine employment for daughters and boys to cut, to bleach, to pluck, to prepare the straw. A great deal better employment than singing hymns, listening to the bawling of the Methodist Parson, or in reading those lying, blackguard things called religious tracts.

MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending 28th June.

Per Quarter.

	s.	d.
Wheat	60	2
Rye	36	10
Barley	32	4
Oats	25	8
Beans	33	2
Peas	36	11

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, 28th June.

	Qrs.	£.	s.	d.	Average,	s.	d.
Wheat..	7,556 for 23,322	6	8		61	8	
Barley ..	792....	1,273	11	3	32	1	
Oats ..	12,227....	15,992	8	6	26	1	
Rye	—	—	—	—	—	—
Beans ..	676....	1,109	17	4	32	10	
Peas....	207....	366	18	10	35	3	

Monday, July 7.—There was a very good arrival of all descriptions of Grain last week, with a considerable quantity of Flour. The fresh supply of this morning is tolerably good from Kent, but only moderate from other parts. The prevailing opinion now is, that the late weather having greatly improved the crops, there is a good prospect for a fair average growth of Corn this year, should the weather continue favourable. There has been very little business done in the Wheat trade this morning, and although the top prices remain as last quoted, yet the general trade has declined 2s. per qr.

In Barley there is no alteration. Beans sell heavily at last quotations. In Pease there is very little doing at present. The trade for

Oats continues so very heavy that sales could not be effected to-day without submitting to a reduction of 1s. per qr. from the prices of last Monday. The top price of Flour remains unsettled between 55s. and 60s. per sack.

Quarters of English Grain, &c. arrived Coastwise, from June 30 to July 5, inclusive.

Wheat.. 8,193	Pease.....141
Barley.... 768	Tares..... —
Malt.....2,254	Linseed.... —
Oats.... 8,490	Rape..... —
Rye..... —	Brank..... —
Beans... 897	Mustard... —

Various Seeds, 199 qrs.

Flour 9,998 sacks.

From Ireland.—Wheat 155; Barley 730; Oats 4,615; and Rape-seed 10 qrs.—Flour 15 sacks.

Foreign.—Linseed 40; and Brank 140 qrs.

SMITHFIELD, Monday, July 7th.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	3	6 to 4	2	
Mutton.....	3	4 — 4	0	
Veal.....	3	6 — 4	6	
Pork.....	3	6 — 4	2	
Lamb.....	4	4 — 5	0	

Beasts... 2,319	Sheep... 23,510
Calves.... 250	Pigs..... 210

NEWGATE (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	2	8 to 3	4	
Mutton.....	2	8 — 3	4	
Veal.....	3	0 — 4	8	
Pork.....	3	0 — 4	4	
Lamb.....	3	8 — 4	8	

LEADENHALL (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	2	0 to 3	6	
Mutton.....	3	0 — 3	6	
Veal.....	3	4 — 4	4	
Pork.....	2	8 — 4	6	
Lamb.....	4	0 — 5	0	

City, 9 July, 1823.

BACON.

The holders begin to be really alarmed. Some have adopted the wise course of getting out of stock on the best terms they can: for this purpose they are employing some of the most active dryers, to sell dried to the retailers. This is what we some time ago said they would be driven to do; and the consequence is, that the trade of the wholesale dealers is almost at an end for this season. The abundance of pork, too, and the favourable weather for keeping that article, have operated very much against the consumption of Bacon.—On board, 38s. to 39s.—Landed, 40s. to 42s. for the best: some inferior parcels to be bought much lower.

BUTTER.

A very general opinion prevails that Butter will advance in price. Those who have made money by Bacon, hope to do the same by Butter; and those who have lost, or are likely to lose, by Bacon, hope to repair their error by a speculation in Butter.—Dutch, 84s. to 88s.—Waterford, 78s. to 80s.—The importers of Dutch lose money at the present prices.

CHEESE.

This article is still rising in price, both here and in the country; but more rapidly in the country than here. It is already too high to admit of any profit being made.—Old Cheshire, 64s. to 74s.; Now, 56s. to 64s.—Double Gloucester, 60s. to 68s.; Single, 48s. to 60s.

We learn that all the actions lately pending on account of goods stopped in transitu, have been settled by the defendants, in every

case, paying debt and costs. These proceedings caused considerable alarm, when they first took place, about six months ago; not only because they excited doubts, in the minds of some persons, as to whether a transfer of goods at sea, by means of a bill of lading, was, to all intents and purposes, a legal transfer; but, more particularly, because the manner in which the goods had been intercepted would, if it could have been successful, have emboldened the same parties, or others, to pursue such a course in future, as would totally destroy all confidence in engagements, which, theretofore, had been held sacred by common consent, until the law on the subject had been forgotten. The point is now settled to the satisfaction of the trade; and confidence is restored.—But, we cannot let the subject drop, without suggesting to the *Committee*, that the subject of *bills of lading* is one which deserves their attention. They are aware of the tricks which, through the means of bills of lading, have heretofore been practised upon the trade, by some of the shippers in Ireland; and, as many of the Irish captains are illiterate men, we think some precaution should be taken, to prevent their being made instruments of fraud, by getting them to sign more than one stamped bill of lading, for the same goods.

POTATOES.

SPITALFIELDS.—per Cwt.

Ware.....	£3	0	to	£5	0
Middlings.....	2	0	—	3	0
Chats.....	1	1	—	1	6
Common Red..	2	0	—	3	0

BOROUGH.—per Ton.

Ware.....	£4	0	to	£8	0
Middlings.....	2	0	—	5	0
Chats.....	1	10	—	2	10
Common Red..	0	0	—	0	0

HAY and STRAW, per Load.

Smithfield.—Hay...	80s.	to	105s.
Straw...	45s.	to	50s.
Clover...	95s.	to	130s.
St. James's.—Hay.....	72s.	to	110s.
Straw...	42s.	to	57s.
Clover...	96s.	to	120s.
Whitechapel.—Hay..	90s.	to	110s.
Straw...	38s.	to	52s.
Clover	90s.	to	130s.

Price of HOPS, per Cwt. in the BOROUGH.

Monday, July 7.—Our accounts state an increase of vermin, which continue to follow the fresh shoots and cover them: though at present the strong vines continue to go on under their load, yet they must soon yield to this severe attack, and a blight, as general as has been known for many years, will probably follow. Duty £60,000 to £63,000. Currency may be stated the same, but an advance is expected.

New Bags.

Kent....	£3	6	to	£4	4
Sussex....	3	5	—	3	16
Essex....	0	0	—	0	0
Yearling Bags.....	45s.—50s.				

New Pockets.

Kent....	£3	15	to	£5	5
Sussex....	3	10	—	4	6
Essex....	0	0	—	0	0
Farnham...	0	0	—	0	0
Yearling Pockets...	45s.	—	60s.		

Maidstone, July 3.—We have, during this last week, found a great increase of vermin in the Hops, and the bines, at this season of the year, were never considered to be more full of lice than at present; it is also thought that the gloomy showery weather now about is much against the crop; however, they have rather a thriving appearance, and keep their colour, which seems to make an impression upon the market, for although the Duty

is down to £65,000, there is not much doing in the trade.

Worcester, June 30th.—The late rains have been very unfavourable to our plantations, which are extremely foul.

COAL MARKET, July 4.

Ships at Market. Ships sold. Price.

42 Newcastle.. 38 .. 34s. 0d. to 42s. 0d.

33 Sunderland.. 33 .. 34s. 0d.—43s. 0d.